

couple scattery, nonseq.

start inside pv out window

I focused on the twisted couple and then the automotive scene outside their window, where several wrecks nuzzled alongside new cars and trucks.

"We tried to warn you on phone!" the old man insisted, and their cockeyed looks compelled me to turn my attention to the couple, who shrunk themselves as if anticipating a blow from somewhere.

"Warn me? Whatever for? Anyway, I promised your Cynthia I'd drop by." Bent like question marks, they shook gray heads.

"Leave it to her!" they both said.

"Anyway, I got here . What's the big deal?"

"Almost everybody gets here. It's the getting back!"--from Papa.

"She does that, Cynthia, gets people to take terrible risks, using her... "charms."--Mama a beat behind him.

"It's the getting out with her too--like it is from here," Papa intoned like a wry seer.

"They consist of one thing, those charms," squealed Mama. They both winked--I don't know if it's for one or both jokes--and that was REALLY grotesque. Sweating in their excitement,

tough to rearrange their expensive plastic surgery on the instant--like greasy sausage skin stretched over the plastic heads of crash dummies. After the crash.

rep grimaces wheezes groans inappropriate laughs: maybe the righties are correct: we try to regulate everything

They told of the carnage on their rural rd--guaranteeing in harmony "you can't leave without being hit."

Maybe I'll find the window of opportunity.

All hrs, any strategy

We get the groceries on the internet and they're parachuted in from Helo-Grocer. We run like the very devil to get em, cuz you never know when a four wheeler'll shoot through the pasture to get us.

Now don't get paranoid, Dad! Everything's happened up there on the road so far.

Sometimes it just happens. Sometimes they just wait. By themselves, or in a bunch. There's even a club. Wimpmobile Mashers. Shrugs and tight head rolls slightly. neck surgery as if they still wore thick turtle

collars, a fashion recommended by the legal profession. ast Ms
Bleep. You think I'm gonna let my fudging brothers, has tatoos.
Hummer. Is that a tank?

never saw it hit us. We were in the Miata--which they never
found.

Heard her screams though. "Send you farts to heaven or to hell.

in freeze rain storm some red bits in trees--so bad even the
SUVs couldn't get out, so we went out a-walkin,
well a-falling-down, mostly but safe."

insurance mentioned: One agent was nice, gave a ball of tape
from failed

continental football league. Big as man's head.

Even one of them's heads.

He said it was the Miami Cuban Grandes.

Claims?

Imitates rich cadence of insurance agent who could have been,
too, an active little theater participant.

"You don't understand insurance. There's only one rule: you pay premiums.

Rest is public relations. claims--never heard the word"

Cops? That last one by the tatoo girl was attempted murder.

1st they tried, then shrugged and made faces I haven't yet seen. Last they laughed and couldn't stop, so we never call anymore.

Well one time they came to make out a report, they got their cruiser smashed to smithereens leaving our driveway.

The one got killed was nice. Redhead. He bet me five dollars they could make it. Mother held the money. We never spent it. Wasn't right. Blood money. We never spent it.

Call 911 TV says. That's a joke. Systems worse now if you ask me.

Press one if you've been murdered. I offered in their sardonic , I thought, spirit.

They call me on that. See, if you're already murdered...

rep grimaces

not pressing much of anything.

You can't call! Don't you see?

In one way people w/o wit are danger to the community. To its morale. But when they try to tell you something, listen.

Unlike us wannabe jokers, they can't lie or embellish . There's a clarity in that.

I'm trying to be less of an avatar of the cheap irony permeating the time.

want toxic plant I offered to call congressman who embodied the gentleman's C when I knew

him at Princeton.

opposite of most folks

so garb trucks'd clog road, busier roads have half the deaths and serious injuries. They put one over there in Millikan County.

We had to get super medicare. Five thousand a month. But then we found out that's insurance too. Pay up, shut up, and don't claim nothin. Old days when we first got old, they wouldn't pay the basic tv in the hospital. With the new policy that's all they pay.

Anyways, only hospital'll take us now is Rashanna Sun Sect Cure-

Module in the mountains, but we can't get up there till the
Great Overunderall
gives them a helicopter according to the head Ogoroll...they
call him up there. He asked us to pray..

but how you pray to all that mess.

Easy, THEY GOT GOD FOR EVERYTHING.

TOO BAD THEY AINT GOT ONE FOR CAR WRECKS.

rep grimaces scared skin would break

Tried to strike positive note: old couple have 21 running cars,
well, that go, don't wanna be hogs about it. 'Course people
left a few when they was afraid to leave in em and couldn't or
wouldn't pay a certain Captain Hook.

When I was kid, av was 5 a person.

And the damn democrats wanted to limit us to that! The air
stunk! So the air stinks. You can go anywhere
and not have to listen to anyone's yammering. Crank up the AC!

The stinking air was killing off the minorities who couldn't

afford cars, so, though it sounds mean to say it, it served a purpose. They both gravely nodded.

Fearless, I blasted out of there, flooring my Ford Expedition all the way home!--I'd like to say, but I'm not stupid.

Ben Franklin experience is a dear school but fools will attend no other. Got too many foolish scars, external and int- from the "dear," the very expensive, frequently macho part...narr hires helo to get him and car out and describes

1st wimpwomile mash club he gives finger to. huge knobby tired pickups and the aforementioned Hummer. They try to get hm and car before winch up and then chase enabling him to see wrecks from above flame and smoke.

Like lightning strikes. ROTOTAXI Yellow pgs: EXPENSIVE? the copter flying through dollar signs.

WHAT'S YOUR LIFE WORTH?

He pick it up and drop it off at my supremely gated suburb.

So the evening proved dear all right. But I did it for a woman.

some like mush clouds. crater full of fiery mashed potatoes

Screaming Pilot: who'd wanna live at another time? Tremendous!

fuck! shit!